

STAR-B O A R D
AND
L A R-B O A R D:
O R,
Sea-Politicks.
A N
ALLEGORY.

Written by

A Gentleman that has made himself merry on Board the FLEET, ever since it has been got off from the *Shelves* of the Late Ministry, and is out of *Shoal-Water*, thro' the Means of the PRESENT PARLIAMENT, who have generously resolv'd to pay the Debts of the Navy.

L O N D O N,

Printed in the Year MDCCXI.

[Price Six-pence.]



THE PREFACE.

THE following Letters and Genealogy are owing to a Gentleman, who has more than once convinc'd the World, that his Excellence is not confin'd to any one sort of Writing, but render'd conspicuous in all. It's peculiar to him to treat whatever Subjects come under his Hands, with an agreeable Felicity; and nothing escapes from him in Verse or Prose, but what comes up to the Intent of its Author, and the Satisfaction of his Reader, as may be seen in all his Compsures; but in none more, than in a late Poem, call'd, *The Yorkshire-Racers.*

After I have said this, no Room will be left for the Inquisitive to fix upon a wrong Person to pay his Acknowledgment to, for so diverting a Present: Not that Mr. P——n had any Thoughts of giving it the World in Print; but one of his Friends has done it for him, that he may be as universally delightful and instructive, as he is particularly engaging to his select Acquaintance.

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So much for the Author, who will give me as little Thanks for speaking of him after this Manner, as for publishing what he never design'd for the Press. What remains for me to do, is, to account for the Performance it self, and give the Reader such a Light into the Intent of it, as may be consistent with my own Safety, at the same Time that it gratifies his Enquiry.

And here he is to be told, that this Allegorical Way of Writing has not only been of great Esteem with the Ancients, but much in Request with the Moderns; and always made Use of, when either of them had to do with Subjects relating to the State, and of too high a Nature to be attempted with a Plainness and Freedom, without which, low and common Occurrences are never to be treated of.

This may serve to inform those, who are to seek for a Key to let them into the Knowledge of the Persons and Things that are couch'd under, and aim'd at in this Ship-Language; tho' that Man that cannot give a tolerable Guess at them, without having Recourse to such Assistances, shall never have a Place in my Thought for one of the greatest Penetration; since we have not been without Transactions much of a Piece with what are spoken of in the five Letters, one of which is dated from Point-Shagreen; the second from Cape Clear; the third from a Council of War held a-board the Mismanagement

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ment, in the Bay of Enquiry; the fourth from Cape Sinister; and the fifth from Chaplain Lunacy, to Dr. H——'s Wife at Canterbury, where Flags of all Nations ride at Anchor.

Each of these, not omitting the Genealogy, will, it is not to be doubted, meet with a favourable Reception from the politer Part of Mankind, whom they are written for, even in a Tarpawlin Language, since the Character of the Sailor Ben, in Love for Love, has been known to win upon the Affections of a very nice Audience, as much as that of the fine Gentleman Valentine, and Persons of Distinction from White's, the Cocoa-Tree, Smyrna, and D'Ossuna's have fill'd the Boxes fuller at the fair Quaker of Deal's, than at the moving Scene between Anthony and Ventidius, in All for Love, or, World well lost.

Novelties have always been relishing to a British Constitution; and it is not to be doubted, but while we are daily led away by new Fashions in Clothing, new Doctrines in Preaching, and new Schemes in Governing, we shall never be such Bigots to the old Way of Writing, as not to admit of a new Method to be told our Faults, and have our Vertues set forth in a true Light by.

Not but several eminent Authors, and those of the Roman Establishment, among whom the Divine Horace holds the first Place, have compar'd the Government of Kingdoms and
Com-

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Commonwealths, to that of a Ship ; so that the Comparison in its self seems to be built upon an old Bottom ; but the Stile which it is made in, and the Oddness of Thoughts and Ideas it conveys to us under that Vehicle, must make it altogether new and entertaining.

It's allow'd for uncontestible, that the Multitude of excellent Pieces which this present Year only has produc'd upon Subjects, not altogether unlike what this little Pamphlet goes upon, among which the most excellent Poem, call'd, The Moderate Cabal in Verse, said to be written by the Author of Faction display'd, and the Fanatick Feast in Prose, known to be the celebrated Dr. K——'s, make it more than possible, that the Appetite may not be intent upon digesting a farther Entertainment : But since he that furnishes this out for us, has done it in such a Manner, that it may look rather like a Desert, than a set Dish, it's to be hop'd, that Satiety it self will give Way to its being introduc'd, and so play with its self, by tasting the several Exoticks here and there interspers'd, as to make appear, that the Reader's Stomach has Room yet for another Repast, when he that has presented him with this, shall be at Leisure to give it him.

Having in one of the foregoing Paragraphs taken Notice of Horace's writing Allegorical-ly,

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ly, I have since lit of a convincing Proof of it, in an excellent Ode of his; which I cannot part with, without translating into English, on Account of its Relation to the Terms the Letters are written in, and to which the Reader is desir'd to give his favourable Acceptance.

Ad Rempublicam Bellum civile reparantem.

Hor. Ode 14.

O Navis Referent in mare te novi
 Fluctus : O quid agis ? fortiter occupa
 Portum. Nonne vides ut
 Nudum Remigio latus,
 Et malus celeri saucius Africo
 Antennaq; gemant ? ac sine Fumibus
 Vix durare Carina
 Possint imperiosus
 Equor ? non tibi Integra Lintea,
 Non Dii, quos iterum pressa voces malo.
 Quamvis Pontica pinus
 Sylva Filia Nobilis,
 Facies et genus, et nomen inutile.
 Nil pictis timidus Navita puppibus
 Fidit. Tu nisi Ventis
 Debes Ludibrium cave.
 Nuper sollicitum quæ mihi tadium
 Nunc desiderium, curaq; non levis,
 Interfusa nitentes
 Vites Equora Cyclades.

To

*To the People of Rome, that are going
the ready Way to enter upon a fresh
civil War.*

O Ship! new Billows which around thee
Will drive thee to the Ocean from the Shore. (roar,
Oh! what art thou a doing? Strive to keep
Thy Birth in Port, not tempt the faithless Deep.
Dost thou not see what all such Schemes de- (rides,
That not an Oar's lash'd to thy naked Sides;
That not a Mast erects it self on high,
Or Yard, that does not shatter'd dread the Sky?
Thy Keel wants Oakum and the Caulker's Aid,
And scarce can live in Harbour, if delay'd;
Much less a more imperious Sea sustain,
That must break in upon thee from the Main.
Besides, thy Rags of Sails can never bear
The least Intemperance or Gust of Air;
Nor could they: Will the Gods, again implor'd,
Preserve thee, when thy Mast is by the Board?
True, thou may'st boast thy self a noble Pine,
Sprung from the tallest of the Pontick Line;
But what can Name or Family perform,
To make thee weather a descending Storm?
Spight of thy Paint, a Sailor can discern
How thou art rak'd and torn from Stem to
(Stern;
Nor

Nor will he, fearful of a certain Fate,
 Make one to man thee in this wretched State.
 Wherefore take Care how Measures are de-
 (sign'd,

Left thou'rt the Jest and Sport of ev'ry Wind :
 Thou that so much Anxiety ha'ft brought,
 By thy past Suff'rings, on my lab'ring Thought;
 And, by thy present Dangers, do'ft create
 Cares that are inconceivable in Weight.
 For my Sake, I entreat thee, and thy own,
 The *Cyclades*, those tempting Islands shun,
 That shining afar off, invite the Eye,
 But surely strand the Vessel that is nigh.

The ALLEGORY Explain'd.

O Commonwealth ! these new intestine
 (Jars,
 Will bring about your former civil Wars.
 Why do not these unnat'ral Factions cease ?
 Boldly preserve your late recover'd Peace.
 Behold and see, what you must seeing feel,
 The sad Effects of too licentious Steel ;
 How the drawn Sword depopulates your Land ;
 How *Pompey* falls by an *Egyptian* Hand ;
 And how your Senators and Chieftains groan
 By Wounds that *Roman* Champions should
 (disown.
 Your Coin, the Nerves of War, is sunk or
 (fled ;
 Nor can Campaigns be long without it made ;
 Especially

Especially where hostile Feuds commence,
 Deaf to the Voice of Nature, and of Sense :
 Such as are civil Heats, too fierce to last,
 Too cruel and destructive, like the past.
 Nor have you Legions that remain entire,
 Nor Gods from whom Assistance to require.
 Should you your Freedom by *Octavius* lose,
 And meditated Arms successless use,
 Tho' you may, from Nobility of Race,
 Boast of a Right to be the first in Place,
 And over other Commonwealths preside,
 Because to *Mars* by *Romulus* ally'd ;
 What is an empty Title, but a Show,
 Unless by Strength you formidable grow ?
 Take heed Ambition lead you not aside,
 And make you shew your Folly in your Pride ;
 You that were some Time since my Grief and
 (Fear,
 And now engrosses my whole Desire and Care.
 Be not seduc'd, nor counsell'd to prefer
 A certain Peace, to an uncertain War ;
 Nor, by delusive Arguments decoy'd,
 Be lost to Fame, who might have Fame en-
 (joy'd.

LETTER I.

From on Board the Godolphin, in the Black Sea, at Point-Shagreen.

Dear Harry,

June 30. 1710.

IN *January* last we sail'd from Port Assurance, in Company of the *Revenge*, the *Junto*, and the *Resistance*. The Wind stood fair, but soon shifted, and blew E. S. W. which you know is an usual Point, especially in these Seas, which have an under Current. We made above 70 Leagues the first Day, the Weather and Sky very promising; but after three or four Days sailing, we had a dead Calm, and were forc'd to ride in a foul and faithless Bottom. Here we repair'd our Bow-sprit, and lash'd our Mizen, which begun to be shaken; but soon the Wind sprung up with a fresh Gale at N. S. E. Upon that we weigh'd Anchor, and by various Puffs and Blasts were driven as far as *Point Error*. Here again the Weather prov'd thick and hazy, and for 14 Days together we had as little Wind as could come from an old Woman's Britch; so that we rid at Hulk, and had neither the Benefit of the Stars, Moon, or Sun; neither durst we trust our Compass, or our old Connings. However, we kept up our

our Spirits with *Geneva*, and our noble Courage was not cast down; for as soon as we felt a fresh Gale from the Land of *Promise*, we resolv'd to bear up against it with all our Might and Main; and tho' the Breeze was full in our Teeth, we still resolv'd, by various Cuffings and Boards, to get the better of it; but in this foolish Attempt we have lost our Main-mast, our Mizzen is close by the Board, our Bow-sprit is lost out right; the Fore-mast stood bluff a while, but soon shatter'd and gave Way. We're now driven upon the Islands of *Despair*; a very comfortless Knot of Rocks, where we hear the perpetual Yelling and Howling of the Discontented and Reprobates. Many of our Crew are sick of the Voyage, tainted with the Scurvy, and cry out for fresh ORANGES. Many have deserted the Service; and we have not Hands enough to prosecute our intended Voyage to the Land of Anarchy. This forlorn Place, these Rocks of *Desolation*, *Harry*, our Sins have brought us to; and I fear our Merits will not bring us off. We have absolutely lost the Plate Fleet, which we once resolv'd to have snapt. 'Tis now under the Steerage of Admiral P——tt, who has four good Ships to guard it; the *New Radnor* of 50 Guns, the *Staffordshire* new deck'd and stern'd, carrying 48, the *Glamorganshire* 49, and the *Fork*, a new-launch'd fourth Rate, 52 Guns, and like to prove a good Sailor. *Adrian Van*

Somersby,

Somersby, our Boatswain, is dead of the dry Belly-ach; some of the Midship-men are raving with the Yarms; the Purser is gone off, and left our Stowage poor, and our Bread-room empty; our Casks are generally tainted and stink, and our Water corrupt; our Pork is measles'd, our Beef ill cur'd, and our Pease mouldy; our Biscuit is all steeped by the salt Water; so that we shall be forc'd to tack about, and with the first fair Wind run to, the Port of HONESTY, or ride in BAY ROYAL.

In order to this, we have clear'd our selves fore and aft of all useless Hands, and cashier'd such as mess'd with the Purser, who is prick'd down run. *Tom Bogland* is turn'd afore the Mast, from being the first Lieutenant; *Will Bigamy*, the Captain's Steward, is dismiss'd the Service; *Harry Bug* is no longer Quartier; *Charles Title-Page*, the Clerk, has the Captain's Standish and Papers taken from him.

We are putting up St. GEORGE's Colours as fast as we can; for we have fish'd a Mast, and made a Jury Mizen, and will make what Sail we can for OLD ENGLAND. I hope to bring some *Nantz*, or good *Arack* Home, if we escape the Rocks end Shelves in our Way. We have made a very unfortunate Voyage, and sped very indifferently in these Attempts; for the *Revenge* was lost upon Cape *Cheverell*, the *Junto* run ashore upon POINT-DOMINION, by bearing too much Sail, and is perished;

ed ; the *Resistance* sunk downright by a Leak in her Hold, but most of her Crew have escap'd into the Land of *Anarchy*. I've all Sorts of Flags for my Safety ; the *Dutch*, the *French*, the *Union* ; and if all these will not secure me, I have his Holiness's Banner in the Cuddy ; but I hope St. GEORGE's Colours will protect me, and bring me safe to

My dear *Harry*,

Whose humble Servant I am,

Adrian Van Hillary, of *Rotterdam*.

I'm told, that you are coming into Play again, and to have the *Revolution* under your Command, and your Brother, Governor of *Tournay*, and Super-Intendant of *Turnham-Green*, in Place of Sir *James of the Peak*.

The *Dutch-man* means by *honest Harry*, *Harry Wickam* of *Tork*, formerly Captain of the *Diamond-Frigat*.

To

LETTER II.

To Lieutenant *Edward Mixen*, at *Moll Douse's*, in *Deptford*.

From on Board the Right of Inheritance, a new Ship built upon an old Bottom, in her Station off Cape Clear.

Dear *Ned*,

HAD'ST not thou been as honest a Fellow as ever swung in a Hammock, as we Sailors say, and a Well-wisher to the Voyage we have undertaken, I should not have made thee acquainted with the Success of it, before my Wife, whom I desire thee to communicate the following Particulars to. Having made as good a Launch as it was possible for a Ship to make, that had very little Advantage of Spring-Tides, and went off in a Manner when they were all spent, according to the Desire of some People, who did all they could to make her *break her Back*, we apply'd our selves immediately to rig her out for Service with all imaginable Expedition. This being done, we were all Hands aloft to take in Stores; but the Persons whose Business it was to deliver out those Necessaries to us, had

had even been as faithful as their Masters before them; and we were forc'd to be at short Allowance, before we got out of Harbour. However, Capt. *Trusty* (for that was our Commander) so encourag'd us with Hopes of better Times, and our being furnish'd with Provisions from some *Newfoundland* Bankers, that we very willingly set Sail, tho' not above half victuall'd, and turn'd our Backs on the Land's End with a *Loom Gale*. But we were not got above fifteen Leagues *Westward* of *Scilly*, when the Wind chang'd its Countenance, and getting into our Teeth, blew us back, and had like to have flung us upon the *Bishop and Clerks*, which have been very fatal to our *English* Shipping since the *Revolution*. At last we got out of Port a second Time, by the Dexterity of our Commander, who prevail'd for Faith amongst Infidels, that supply'd us with Necessaries enough to prosecute our Voyage as at first intended. We had not been four Days at Sea after this, but *Providence* thought fit to exercise our Patience with a Storm, in which we could neither *try* nor *bale*, but were forc'd to *spoom*. We had not done this long, when we found our selves under a Necessity of taking down our Fore-sail, and *by a Hull*, which the Vessel did, and made her Way one Point before the Beam. While we were under these Circumstances, there did not want for such as exclaim'd against our Cap-

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tain's

tain's Temerity, for bringing us out in such a Season of the Year, it being the Winter-Quarter, and under such Disadvantages. Amongst the rest, a certain Foreigner that had enter'd himself a Volunteer in the Service, and was, as well as my self, entertained very handsomely upon all Occasions, by the very Commanders he was practising against, was not the least dissatisfy'd, and had so work'd himself into the Esteem of some of the Principal of those that were of his own Gang, that it was agreed among them to rise at such an Hour, when come to their appointed Station, and take Possession of the Ship, in order to carry her into some Port belonging to the Enemy, and make Sale of her. But of this hereafter.

We laid beating upon the Sea after this helpless Manner for a considerable Time, when a *Slatch of fair Weather* shew'd it self, and brought us in Sight of the *Newfoundland Bankers* I before spoke of. These were very deeply laden, and had Plenty of all Sorts; but all the Interest our Commander had, was not able to make them part with any Thing, they being in Contract with the Person that was Captain of this Ship before it was rebuilt, while it went under the Name of the *Revolution*; and excusing themselves after such a Fashion, as plainly demonstrated the Engagements they lay under.

Such

Such a Disappointment as this could not but increase the Number of our Mutineers; and I my self was not without Apprehension, that we must have taken in some old discarded Officers again, when a fresh Gale sprung up from the *South East*, and brought us in Sight of the *Charles, Richard, and Francis*, who, with abundance of Merchant-men and small Craft, gave us Proofs of their Affection and Esteem, not only by assisting us with as much Provision, and other Necessaries which we had Stowage for, but by making Tenders of their Lives and Fortunes to stand by us and our Royal Owner upon all Occasions. We had nothing to fear after this, and our Enemies had nothing to object against us, and were so much to seek for any Thing that was blame worthy, that they were forc'd to have Recourse to a Mismanagement of the last Captain's, to charge the present with, for want of proper Materials, which was the Loss of a Tender formerly belonging to this Ship, but sent to *Spain*, where, after much Success and Plunder, it was unluckily stranded. Now, the former commanding Officer had both sent her out in Quest of Booty, and been congratulated upon the Obtainment of it; wherefore it was but fitting (and so it was carry'd by a Majority among us) that he that would infallibly have run away with the Profit, should not be depriv'd of the Disgrace of it.

To come towards a Period, these timely Supplies gave us not only Courage, but Honesty too; for we had no sooner arriv'd at this Station, after taking several rich Prizes, but a Discovery of what I before hinted at, was made by one of the Accomplices; and the Voluntier above-mention'd being under Examination in the Captain's Cabbin, villainously stabb'd the first Lieutenant into the Breast, which Stab, by lighting upon a Bone, happens not to prove mortal; for which he is put into the *Bilboes*, and has a Guard upon him, in order to be try'd, if alive, at our Return, which will be about six Weeks hence. This timely Prevention of an Accident that might have been of the last Consequence to our present Affairs, has preserv'd a Ship that is one of the best Sailors, and most uniform in all *Christendom*, from falling into the Enemy's Hands: For let me tell you, *Ned*, this *Right of Inheritance* is so tight a Vessel, that it has not *beel'd* once in so many thousand *Knots* it has run out during this Voyage, and is so regularly and beautifully built, that from *Stem to Stern*, from the very *Gratings* to the *Keel*, there is not a Plank in her that can be found Fault with. She's the only Ship I know of to ride in a strong Current; and tho' it is possible she may suffer Damage in her Masts and Rigging, by the Violence of Storms, &c. 'tis not in the Power of all the Fury of the Bay of *Biscay*, or the Rapidity

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of the Gulf of *Lyons*, to make her *Anchor*
come Home, even tho' she is not *Land-lock'd* ;
and if this is not the Vessel that must give us
the Sovereignty of the *pacifick Ocean* at last,
as well as that of the *British*, then I am out
in my *Connings*, no great Argument of my
being a very great Sailor, which I would
have you take me for, who am,

Dear *Ned*,

Thine to all Intents and Purposes,

Timothy Forecastle.



The

LETTER III.

The Result of a Council of War held on Board the Enquiry, riding at Anchor in the Bay of Mismanagement.

IN a LETTER from Capt. *Edward Run-a-ground*, to *Matthew Ailing, Esq;* lately discarded.

S I R,

IN Answer to yours, I am to acquaint you, that the Squadron I belong to under Commodore *Peregrino*, being recall'd Home, we that had escap'd from the Sea and the Enemy, had no sooner made this Bay, with almost all our Masts by the Board, and a miserable Havock of our Rigging, but we found Admiral *Bertolino* here, who was commission'd, with other select Commanders, to make Inquisition into the Causes of our repeated Disgraces, particularly that of the Loss of the Ship *Victory*, which was said to be of such an ill Consequence, as to be almost irreparable. This Vessel, I must own, between you and me, was of the last Importance to us, not only because it was mann'd with the best Sailors of the whole Squadron, and had

a numerous Artillery Aboard it, but because our Commodore's Papers and Instructions were in it, and the Enemy, by being possess'd of it, had it in their Power to be Masters of all our Designs, and to oblige us to have Recourse to new Schemes and Resolutions. However, 'tis none of the Qualifications of our Party to magnify, but rather lessen a Disaster we are chargeable with. To return therefore to the Business in Hand, after we had pay'd the Salute of lowering our Topsail, and given Admiral *Bertolino* the Respect due to his Character, by the customary Discharge of our Guns, we had Notice to come on Board him, as well as the other Captains whom we found there, by a yellow Flag in the uppermost Part of his main Shrouds, as is usual upon such Occasions.

The Purport of this Convention, was, to proceed upon the Commission aforesaid, which being open'd and read, the Commodore was requir'd to answer such Articles as should be brought against him by Admiral *Mordano*, who you know was Commander of this Ship for a considerable Time, 'till the Secretary of the Marines had Orders to acquaint him from the Board, that his Commission was superseded, and given to Monsieur *Peregrino*, at that Juncture of Time the Captain of the *Saunterer*, a Ship that had come up, and kept Company with the biggest Galleon the Enemy had, for forty Days successively, and

in

in all that Time did nothing else but make Preparations to leave her no better and no worse than he found her, without so much as putting any of his own Men aboard her, or possessing himself of her Bill of Lading.

The Articles laid to his Charge, were, *first*, That he the said *Henry Peregrino*, knowing that Admiral *Charles Mordano* was coasting upon the Enemy in such a Latitude, did not give him Notice by an Advice-boat, that he should be forc'd to quit the Galleon call'd the *Metropolitano*, without making her *break Bulk*, unless he was join'd by another Ship or two from his Squadron. *Secondly*, That he the Commodore aforesaid, contrary to the Honour due to the *Spanish Flag*, and the Usage of War, suffer'd the Vessels of less considerable Kingdoms and States to sail in the *Van* of his Fleet, when out at Sea, and moor in the fairest *Births* when in Harbour. *Thirdly*, That when it was the Business of an experienc'd Officer to lie by with his Ship, and avoid an Engagement, he bore up to the Enemy, even tho' they had the Advantage of Numbers, and the *Weather-Gage* of him, and he had been dissuaded from so doing by Admiral *Mordano*, which occasion'd not only the Loss of the Ship *Vi-Eglory*, a first Rate Man of War, but the Officers and Sailors, some few excepted, who got off in the Long-Boat, into an adjacent Port,

Port. Many other Particulars of less aggravating Circumstances, were exhibited against him; but these being the chief, the Replies he made to them, were after this Manner.

That he was not of Strength sufficient, and wanted Hands to man the Galleon, in order to make Prize of her; and that since Admiral *Mordano* could not but know that he was in such a Latitude, and in all Likelihood possess'd of her, it was no great Token of his Zeal for the Service against the common Enemy, to wait for a formal Intelligence. That the Foreigners aboard him, as well as the small Craft that bore him Company, were Men of Punctilio's, and Observers of Niceties, and more in Number, than the *Spanish* Natives; wherefore he thought it more adviseable to humour their Vanity, in giving 'em the Post of Honour, than lose the Benefit of their Service, they being resolv'd not to weigh Anchor without it. That he was oblig'd either to fight the Enemy, or see them take and make Prize of the Merchantmen before his Face, which no true *Spaniard* could bear, and which he was enjoin'd not to permit, by Letters from Don *Carlo Volteminoso*, Secretary of the Universal Dispatches. That it was true he had lost the Ship *Victory*, but in such a Manner that the Enemy had dearly carry'd her by a great Slaughter of their Men; and that *Mordano's* single

Vote for *plying to the Windward*, and *sheeting off*, was not of equal Weight with a whole Council of War, who were for bearing up to, and coming to a close Fight with the Enemy, before they were reinforc'd with another Squadron that was coming to their Assistance.

But the Majority gave it against him, and it was not in the Power of him or his Friends to bring him in guiltless, tho' we took all the Pains we could in his Defence. However, the Sentence was much milder than we expected, and the Judges that were of an opposite Opinion to ours, contented themselves with animadverting upon the Offence, without punishing the Offender, out of Regard to an advanc'd Age, a crazy Constitution, and a wounded Body, which had lost one Arm by a Cannon-shot, and an Eye by a Splinter; and for all the ill Consequences of such capital Mistakes, especially in that of the Loss of the Ship *Victory*, the Council came to no more rigorous Resolutions thereupon, than to mortify him and his Friends, among whom the afore-said Secretary of the Universal Dispatches may have a Place, with a publick Dislike of their Conduct, and a Representation to the Court concerning the Particulars and Reasons of those Miscarriages. A Specimen of Moderation unknown to you and me,

(20)

me, when at the Helm of Affairs, and
which almost reconciles me to their Inter-
est, who am,

Worthy Sir,

Your most obedient humble Servant,

Edward Run-a-ground.

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To

LETTER IV.

To Mr. Thomas Trimn, at the Managers Arms in Wapping.

From Cape Sinister.

THOU know'st, dear *Tom*, with what Assurance we put to Sea last *January*. Certainly never was Squadron better equipt upon all Accounts, than we were for our Expedition; but whether it was want of Conduct in our Commanders, or the Hand of Fate, that cross'd us, Heaven only knows. It's a melancholy Journal I send thee, *Tom*, but such as it is, accept it. Our sailing Orders were for the Latitude of 41; where, with a smart Gale, we arriv'd, when our Admiral gave the Signal for a Council of War. Accordingly the Commanders went on Board the Flag, where the Commission was broke up; by which we were order'd to make the best of our Way for the Latitude of 48, there to wait for two rich Plate Fleets, under Convoy of only two Men of War, the *Sceptre*, and the *Crozier*: These were the same that were taken with their Convoy above 60 Years ago, when your Father and mine voted for the Execution of the Commanders, which

which was done. It's impossible, *Tom*, to express with what Joy we receiv'd the Account from our respective Commanders: The glorious Purchase in View, banish'd all Difficulties. I could think of nothing but a Coach and six, and was impatient to be rummaging the well-stow'd Holds. We crouded all the Sail we could; but before we reach'd the wish'd for Latitude of 48, we met with a damn'd Storm, that drove us much against our Wills to that of 60, where we were in the utmost Confusion. Ships of Note that suffer'd most, or perish'd in the Storm, were the *Young Clodio*, a very Crank Ship, and that always bore too much Sail; she overfet and came Keel upwards. The *Hibernia*, a weak ill-built Ship, started a Plank, and went down by our Side. The *Triton*, *Sigilla*, and *Batbillo*, three damn'd worm-eaten Bitches, and as leaky as so many Sieves, weather'd the Storm, but are so shatter'd, they can never be put to Sea again. We lost several Ships on the Rocks of *Despair*, and few besides the *Dutch*, got through the Bay of *Distress*. The Latitude of 60 is no safe Road for us: I have often heard my Father say, he could never endure it, and what Course to steer, we knew not: We cannot keep the Sea long, for our Ships are as old Baskets, and move like so many Hulks, with nothing but Juries up. We intended to touch at *Cape Honesto*, and refresh; but were inform'd,

that

that the Plate Fleet was safely arriv'd there; and fresh Squadrons lie to intercept us; so that we have nothing but *Porto Diabolo* left for our Relief; and they say 'tis damn'd riding there, and the Current sets so strong in, that there's no coming out. Many of your Family and mine, *Tom*, have stay'd there 'till they have spent Stock and Block: I wish it be not our Fate.

We are told at *Cape Smelter*, That General *Sodom* has made just such another Campaign at Shore as we have at Sea: If so, we've made a fine Kettle of Fish on't on both sides. I am,

Dear *Tom*,

Thine heartily,

James Telkuth.

LETTER

LETTER V.

From the Chaplain of the LUNACY, in the Bay of Hellebore, off the Island of Anticyra, to Dr. H——'s Wife at Canterbury.

I That endeavour'd to make another Person mad, am now thought to be so myself, and put on Board this Ship, in order for my Cure, at an Island that is famous for the best *Hellebore* in the Universe. Sir *Cleve* and Sir *Charles* are with me; and were but my pretty *Fubs* here too, I should have all the Satisfaction that could be added to a Life, which, in your Company, must needs partake of the highest Contentment; because the State of Madness I am said to be in, is a very merry one; and I am neither subject to the Impression of past Miscarriages, nor wrought upon by any passionate Pursuits of Preferment, which I was formerly led away by; tho' my two Companions were of quite different Complexions; and the first of them does nothing but repeat the *Contminations* in the Service for *Alb-Wednesday*, as the last altogether employs himself in searching for Proofs of Scripture that condemn *Embezelments*: A Practice you know quite contra-

ry to what he was us'd to, when suppos'd to be in his right Senses ; and which the Doctor tells me, is an Indication of his being incurable, as well as the other, who has the very same Symptoms.

But you may expect an Account of our Voyage, and the Accidents that have happen'd during the Prosecution of it. You are to be told therefore, that being sent aboard this Ship, for making Use of a Privateer's *Commission*, which we had obtain'd to cruize upon the Enemy, to wrong Purposes, even against our very Friends, we set Sail from the Bay of *Disbonesty*, Wind at *South West*, with a brisk Gale, and steering right before it, lost Sight of Land in two Hours Time ; soon after which, a very lowering Sky shew'd it self, and the Weather growing stormy, we were forc'd to see that all our main Haliards, with all the other Geer, were clear ; to lower the Main-Yard, hale down the Mizzen, furl the Sail sure, and make fast the Yard for traversing ; which are Terms, my Dear, made Use of in a *grown* Sea, and very foul Weather, which immediately follow'd. This put the whole Ship's Crew, fore and aft, into the utmost Consternation, but none more than Sir *Cleve* and Sir *Charles*, who had a horrid Aversion for drowning, and could by no Means be induc'd to think of Hurricanes, without disburthening themselves of their Accounts ; which all the A-

rithmetick

rithmetick I am Master of, could not go thro' with; for one of the Knights had so many Book-Debts and Tavern-Scores to set down, and the last so many Tuns to account with the *Victualling-Office* and others, for, that I was forc'd e'en to absolve them of their Sins by Wholesale, and *lump it*, as a certain Person would have had done by the *Union Articles*.

But as this Storm was but of a short Duration, so we weather'd it without any other Damage, than the Loss of our *Rudder* and *Bowsprit*, and some Part of our *Bulk Head*, and came up with a Fleet of Ships bound to the same Port we design'd to make, for the same Intents and Purposes. Never sure was such a Mixture of Tempers and Persons embark'd at one Time on the Ocean, as ours was; and here were of all Conditions of Life, from the Council-Chamber, to the Compter; nay, the very Stall, that made up the Compliment which mann'd this huge Fleet. Ecclesiasticks, that preach'd up the Doctrines of *Resistance*, (as I my self have done) to prove the Gospel of *Peace* by; and *Laicks*, that by enriching themselves, shew'd how much they had at Heart the Prosperity of the Publick; *Courtiers*, that under the Pretence of *Liberty* and *Property*, made Encroachments on the Royal Prerogative; and *Citizens*, who wanted Advice themselves, yet had Insolence enough to give

it to their Sovereign. In a Word, we had *Knaves* to spare of all Ranks and Degrees; for Men of ill Practices can never be said, as my Physician tells me, to be in their right Senses; and there was not an original Vice stirring, either of our Growth, or that of other Countries, but we had a Copy of in some one Person or other. At last the Full of the Moon brought us into this Harbour, after we had hal'd many a Ship in our Way, which I would fain, according to *Hertfordshire* Custom, have made Prize of, but the Captain had no Warrant for it; and my Commission, that had been of Force at Land, was of no Effect at Sea. We had no sooner cast Anchor here, but the Inhabitants, who are all of them Doctors, came aboard us in great Numbers, with Hogsheds of *Hellebore*, to purge us, according to the Number of Patients in each Ship. I am told I must snuff up three Hogsheds by Way of Errhine, before I can possibly be my own Man again, which, by the Operation it has had upon me already, must carry off as much Filth through my Nose, as is capable to lie in *Fleet-Ditch*: A Sign that I am very foul within, and stand much in need of Catharticks.

We have nothing but a Flux of Noses both above and below Deck; Heavens preserve mine, say I, for I have more SNUFF allotted to go through it, than will set up
Dighton

Dighton and *Charles Lilly* for wholesale Men,
 These Errhines, that *Sir William Read's* and
Mr. Grant's Patients make Use of for *Sci-*
tica's and *fore Legs*, are nothing to compare
 to what we take ; and unless you give me
 your Company very speedily, I shall not have
 a Drop of Moisture in my Body to solace
 you with. This Island, and these Medi-
 cines, are what People of our sanguine Dis-
 positions must come to ; therefore prepare
 your self against the next Embarkation for
 these Parts ; for her Majesty's Serjeant-Sur-
 geon can't reject you for not being a mad
 Woman, since you have kill'd your Man,
 and made a poor Organist shoot himself. Such
 Exploits as these make you one of our Class ;
 for all Things of this Nature fall under the
 Article of Madness. In the mean Time, to
 encourage you to undertake the Voyage, the
 enclos'd *Genealogy*, written by the Gover-
 nor's Chaplain of this Place, who is Tooth
 and Nail for *Sackeverell*, and was under a
 State of *Lunacy* himself before his Arrival
 here, will show you what a perfect Recove-
 ry this Air, and these Medicaments can
 bring you to. Wherefore leave the Cuckold,
 your Husband, as I have done my Wife ;
 and since we have both been guilty of the
 same Crimes, let us do the same Pennance.
 When you go to *St. Paul's* next, give the
 last of the two Pedigrees to the Reverend
Dr. H——re, for his Management of the
 War

(29)

War in four Parts, and leave the first with
H— Cl—rs, the Bookfeller, to be made
Use of in Mr. *Lamb's* next Vindication of
the Doctor, against *Bisset*, which is all from,

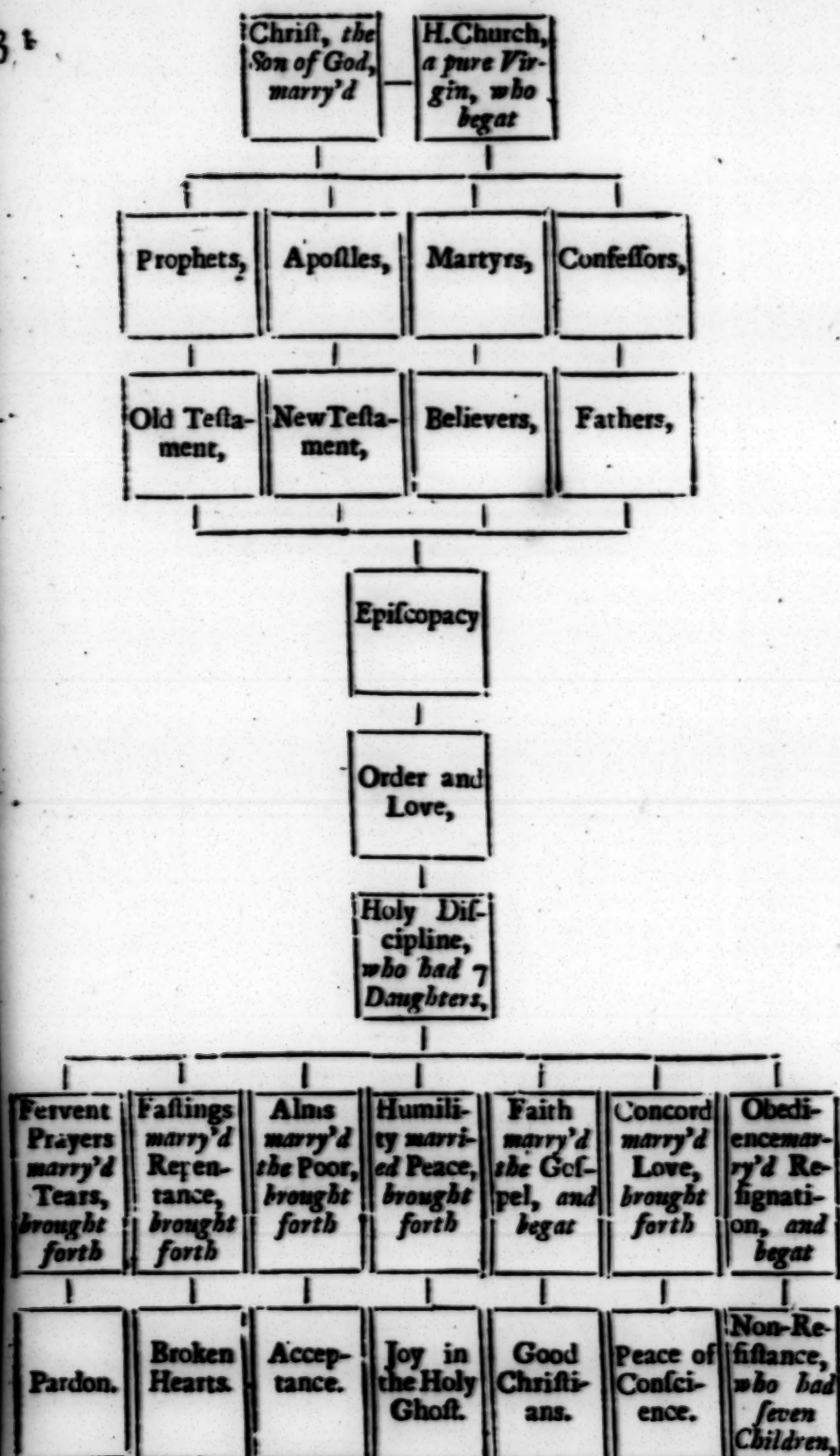
My dear *Fubs*,

Thy most faithful Confessor and Servant,

John Technicon.



Christ



1. Trouble. 2. Indictments. 3. Censure. 4. Reproach from wicked Men. 5. Applause from good Men. 6. Preferments in this World. 7. Blessings in the World to come.

Anti-Christ,
Pontifex of
Hell, marry'd

Pride, Daugh-
ter of Igno-
rance, by
whom he had
four Sons.

Herety, mar-
ry'd to an A-
theist, begat a
Son call'd

Schism, mar-
ry'd to the
Daughter of
Knipperdol-
ling, begat

Hypocrisy,
marry'd to
Vain-glory,
begat

Self-conceit,
marry'd to the
Heirefs of
New England
begat

Alchoran,
marr'd by the
Wife of Monk
Sergius.

Munster, Joh.
of Leyden,
Master John
Cameron,
Gogmagog.

Presumption,
Popery, Per-
secution.

R. Amersted,
Socinus, Ser-
vetus, John
Knox, Tib of
Geneva.

They all begat
Atheism,

Ignorance,

Phanaticism,
marry'd to
Prophaneness
begat seven
Daughters,

Wrath
marry'd
Hatred,
and begat

Strife
marry'd
William
L—r Esq
and begat

Sedition
marry'd
B. Hoad-
ly, and
begat

Envy
marry'd
Malice,
and begat

Rebellio
marry'd
OCrom-
well, and
begat

Disorder
marry'd
Anarchy
and begat

Civil
War
marry'd
Ruin
and begat

Oppres-
sion.

Conten-
tion.

Tumults

Murther

Regicide

Confusi-
on.

Beggary

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